

## King Wanted: Inquire Within



Photograph from D. S. Rockwell.

*A palace without a king is a good deal like home when mother has gone to the General Federation Convention. Kings are scarce in America just now; so this Seattle residence, built for royalty only, is having a dull time of it.*

**N**UMBERS of people have built houses "fit for a king to live in," but Samuel Hill of Seattle goes them one better. No one can live in this house of his but a king. On that point he is firm. Also, he has picked his king. It is Albert of Belgium. Just as soon as Albert gets a chance to run over to Washington State for a week-end, Mr. Hill will open his house.

Mr. Hill built this house seven years ago, when King Albert had promised to visit the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition. He offered it to the King for his

home during his stay. His Highness accepted. Then, owing to the Balkan war, he wasn't able to come to the Exposition, after all. There was a lot of disappointment all around; and Mr. Hill announced that the residence should stand idle awaiting the royal visitor's pleasure.

Next to Mr. Hill's enthusiasm for Belgium is his love of good roads, and he is abroad at present, conferring with influential people with regard to the reconstruction of European highways after the war. He is one of the large private contributors to the Belgium Relief Fund.

## Warm as Ice



Photograph from C. L. Edholm.

*Warm ice has sounded the death knell of such sporting accessories as knitted hoods, scarfs, sweaters, and mittens. Already it is difficult to tell skating clothes from swimming clothes. Soon we will be confusing both with evening clothes.*

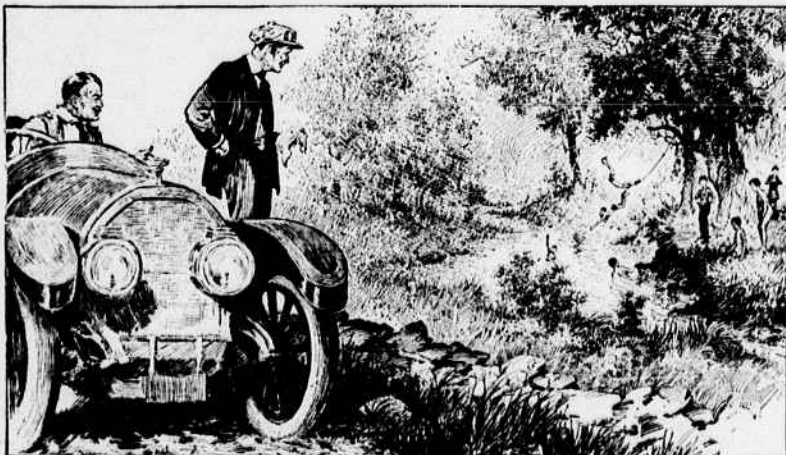
**O**LIVER HERFORD says he doesn't care for skating because it's such a sedentary sport. We herewith direct his attention to the kind of ice that this young English expert has just finished cutting figure sixteens on. It is as soft and warm as a green plush sofa. It doesn't chill your toes, and it doesn't bump you very hard if you come down on it unexpectedly; nor will it hurt your clothes.

This chemical ice is the invention of Paul Bourgeois, who lives in Los Angeles, California, and who is installing a rink there with an area of 20,000 square feet.

The photograph shows the preparation in use by Miss Joyce Burns, a fancy skater of London, England, who declares it superior to real ice for the practice of her art. It is easier to come to a full stop on this surface, and she has succeeded in accomplishing some feats on it that were not before possible on ice, either natural or artificial.

There is, of course, one question that arises in connection with the extended use of this artificial ice. We hasten to answer it. Scientists will not be allowed to tamper with the makings of ice water or other great American drinks. Old-fashioned slippery, tinkly ice is still good enough for internal use.

## "Bill, I Dare You"



## If You Think This Is a Good Idea, Write Me a Letter About It

**I**F you and I had \$500,000,000 to spend for the betterment of humanity, what would we do with it?

I'll tell you.

We would go down into the slums of the cities and tear down the solid blocks of squalid tenements. Then on those sites we would erect clean, wholesome, beautiful buildings, each large enough to house a population as big as the ordinary village.

The buildings would be thoroughly practical—not a penny wasted for frills. *They would be built to rent at a profit.*

But there would be a lot of features connected with them such as no tenement ever had before:

An interior court where flowers could grow; and a play-room for the kids.

And ice, and coal, and wood, and bread for sale on the premises, at wholesale rates.

A doctor, a visiting nurse, and a dentist.

A manager who would buy beds, chairs, tables, blankets, sheets, and table-cloths at wholesale, and sell them to the tenants on the easiest possible payments.

Possibly a laundry run at cost. Certainly a kindergarten for the babies whose mothers must go out to work.

Oh, we could do wonderful things if we only had five hundred million dollars.

*Well, we have it.*

You and I and all the other little people in the world have paid our nickels and dimes, week by week, into those wonderful thrift-inducing life insurance companies, the Metropolitan of New York, the Prudential of Newark, and the John Hancock of Boston.

Our assets in those splendid companies are more than \$500,000,000—yes, nearly a billion.

Why shouldn't this enormous fund—the savings of the poor—be used to build clean and wholesome and lovely and profitable homes for the poor?

Of course, it must be safely invested, so that death benefits shall be paid.

But why invest it in mortgages on big office buildings or palatial hotels or apartments?

Of course, also, the law forbids a life insurance company to own real estate, except for its own office purposes.

But why not change the law?

Let it read something like this:

"A life insurance company may invest its reserve funds derived from the premiums paid on industrial policies in tenement apartment houses and in operating them, provided that not more than one tenth of such funds shall be so invested until the income therefrom be at least six per cent."

Other nations have done it: are we less resourceful than they?

I have stood at night and watched the clean white Metropolitan Tower flashing out its light across the tenement jungles, and I have thought to myself, What a heart-breaking contradiction! *There* is the tower that the people's pennies have raised: and *here*, in their squalor, are the people themselves.

And I have pictured to myself real homes where those jungles now range; and on each one of them a tablet like this:

ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE

with their own savings,

for their own health, comfort, and happiness,

with the help of

A Great Life Insurance Company.

Perhaps I'm wrong: perhaps it can't be done. Perhaps it's only an iridescent dream.

But no one has yet shown me *why* it's a dream.

If it sounds good to you, write me a letter about it.

I'd like to send this editorial to the men who might have it in their power to make this dream come true.

And I'd like to attach to it thousands of letters of indorsement from thousands of thoughtful people.

Like you.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

*Let's do it: write now.*